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is particularly manifested in painters, poets, musicians and critics. It is however becoming quite common in other circles.

Mr. A.—You surprize me. I am astonished. Is it contagious?

Doctor—Under certain conditions, yes. It seems to have originated in Paris and like *la grippe* became quite fashionable; thence it spread pretty much over the continent and found its greatest number of victims in Berlin. There it was manifested not only in art but in philosophy and politics. Many people imagined themselves Visigoths and Huns. The disease so perverted the mind that they pictured the German people returning to the childhood of the world, youthful and lustful conquerors.

Mr. A.—This is entirely new to me, I must confess. I must read up on this.

Doctor—Well, you surely know that the Kaiser claims relationship to God, the oldest personage extant?

Mr. A.—(Laughingly) But quite seriously, Doctor, to what does the medical profession attribute the cause of this disease?

Doctor—It is very subtle and complex, like most forms of mental derangement. It would appear to be caused by improper living. But the war is the best antidote for such diseases. Discipline is a sure cure for all excessive individualism.

Mr. A.—How did this disease get across the water?

Doctor—Ah, my dear fellow, you share the belief that water alone is enough to protect Americans! Our isolation can no longer justify such a supreme delusion. Americans must protect themselves if they would be protected. See how this insidious germ steals in among us! If we are not strong enough mentally to resist a disease like Cézannitis, how can we hope to be strong enough physically to resist a more material invasion?

Mr. A.—Is there no cure for this disease?

Doctor—There seems to be no hope for those who are afflicted. . . . But as physicians we are concerned with the cure only in so far as we can find a prevention.

Mr. A.—Well, well, Doctor, this is certainly interesting. I *must* read up on this. Poor Blank! I suppose he has a certain happiness in thinking himself a child again?

Doctor—Fortunately; the disease is a delusion and the delusion its only consolation.

E. C. the Passer-by

### SOME RECENT BOOKS

*THE RHYTHM OF PROSE.* By W. M. Patterson. Even those who decline to follow an instructor in English in Columbia University along the rough road of statistics for the purpose of defining what is prose and what is poetry, may rejoice to learn the opinion of Mr. Patterson with respect to *vers libre*. According to results from experimenting with ten men and two women, testing them for delicacy in appreciating the finer pulse of rhythm "there is no psychological meaning to the claims for a third *genre* between regular verse and prose, except in the sense of a jumping back and forth from one side of the fence to the other." Thus he casts *vers libre* out into limbo: "Nothing more than an unstable compound can be created out of

the two typical forms of temporal experience." In other words, to dodge back and forward from prose to verse is not to establish a third, intermediate type, however we may label it with a name. Incidentally, but at the expense of much dry exposition, we learn a good deal about very curious experiments made in recent times by American, British, French and German students of speech, song, the dance and of music, primitive as well as music modern. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1916.)

*ART OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE OVERSEAS.* Edited by Charles Holme. A small folio of 144 pages is devoted to reproductions of paintings by Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans, artists all unknown in the United States. Each quarter of the comely tome has an introduction—Eric Brown for Canada, James Ashton for Australia, E. A. S. Killick for New Zealand and Edward Roworth for South Africa. The Canadian pictures very naturally seem most familiar; but the most attractive, the most "picturesque" are the African; those that seem to come from some other planet are the New Zealand views. Almost exclusively landscapes, eight of the prints are in color. The text gives information as to the artists thus honored. (New York: John Lane Company, 1917.)

*THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.* By Edgar J. Banks. Every child learns by heart the names of the seven wonders of the world in antiquity, notwithstanding the fact that the ancients themselves were by no means agreed on the identification of them. But if a round-table of diners were suddenly asked to name them, the chances are that few would get beyond the Colossus of Rhodes—which seems indeed to have exerted a somewhat incomprehensible influence upon the imagination of men in classic and modern times, considering its rather meagre value as a work of art. So it was a happy thought of Mr. Banks, director for the University of Chicago of a recent expedition to Babylonia, to serve up the pyramid of Khufu, the walls of Babylon, the Zeus that sat at Olympia, the temple of the goddess of deer, bees and fertility at Ephesos, the tomb of King Mausolos and the lighthouse on Pharos Island at one of the Nile mouths—to serve them up in a handy little volume along with the obligatory Rhodian giant of bronze. It is just right for the intending diner-out who is afraid some wag will spring the Seven Wonders on him—large type, the intimate note of a writer "who has been there" and knows the environage of these mostly vanished marvels. No one can read this little book without learning a great deal about the methods of the ancients in the building of towns and important edifices. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1917.)

*THE MUSEUM.* By Margaret Talbot Jackson. Art galleries and art museums are increasing in number in America so that a manual that gives information as to the housing and care of art collections is timely. Mrs. Jackson has studied the museums of Europe and America. Writing from Cambridge, England, she gives the results of her investigations and conferences with Italian, French, German, British and American directors and experts, presents ground-plans and façades of important museums on both continents, devotes a